THOSE BABIES

By FRANK FILSON

Miss Nan Keller concealed a very warm heart beneath her grim exterior. Some of us are born shy, and Miss Nan was afflicted that way. In all her four years at the hospital she had never succeeded in endearing herself to anybody. And, like most shy people, she craved sympathy, which she seemed destined never to get.

She got it—sometimes—from the house surgeon. Charlie Abbott had been two years in the General hospital and he was to leave in June, to take over his father's practice. He had adored Miss Nan from the moment he first saw her—sometimes. Sometimes she seemed to him like an animated automaton. When his sympathetic approaches were coldly repelled he hated Miss Nan. What right had a girl to have a face like that, and wonderful red-brown hair, if she had a heart like an icicle?

Miss Nan, although her woman's intuition told her that the house surgeon liked her, trusted rather to her brain, which asked her how she could be sure. Wasn't it her impulsive heart, asked the brain, that read into Charles Abbott's actions sentiments which were not there? Then Miss Nan would freeze up hard and Charlie Abbott would call himself a double-dyed fool.

As, for instance, on the evening when they found themselves off duty at the same hour, and he asked permission to take her home in his car. Miss Nan somehow managed to accept. Her heart was beating wildly. The proximity of the two inside the car made each dream secretly of a car like that, owned jointly, and—

Well, what's the use? Miss Nan spoke in monosyllables all the drive, and got out resolving never again to place herself in such a position. She

"Yes," Said Nan Irritably.

knew that somehow she had come to love the house surgeon and every sight of him made her heart ache. After that she hardly said a word to him.

Sometimes humor proves a solvent. It is strange, but—well, it happened so.

Nan had been shifted unexpectedly to the babies' ward. She had charge of half a dozen infants, ranging in age from one week to twelve days. She received her instructions; the chart over each infant's bed was to be filled out and replaced; at a certain hour the mothers were to see their offspring, etc. Just then, as Miss Nan was about to settle herself in her chair, Charlie Abbott came in.

"I beg your pardon," he began.

"Not at all," said Miss Nan, frigidly.

"I thought Miss Jameson would be here," said the house surgeon.

"I have been placed in charge," answered the nurse in a voice like an icicle.

"Oh!" said the doctor, and withdrew.

Miss [illegible]-70 gown. These interviews were painful ones. Her heart [illegible] like a watch—a loud-ticking one. She filled out the charts and went around the room, hanging them up upon the beds. Then she took out the babies, one by one, made them ready for the night, and replaced them. All the while Charlie Abbott's photograph hung in a prominent place upon the wall of her memory, the consequence being that she walked round the room the opposite way when she replaced the babies.

Miss Matthews, the probationer, came in a little later.

"Am I to take the babies to their mothers now, Miss Keller?" she inquired.

Miss Nan looked at the clock. "It isn't six yet, Miss Matthews," she answered, "but I guess it will be by the time you are half through. Yes! Take Mrs. Molson's baby in. He's in cot No. 1."

The probationer went to cot No. 1 and took up the tiny atom of human life. She gazed at it with a puzzled expression.

"Mrs. Molson, did you say?" she inquired.

"Yes," said Nan irritably.

"But—but this isn't Mrs. Molson's baby," protested the probationer. "Mrs. Molson's baby has red hair. Mrs. Molson is a white woman, Miss Keller."

Nurse Nan cast a horrified glance at the baby in the arms of the probationer. It was—well, not a black baby, because babies are not born as dark as they become, but it was unmistakably a mulatto baby.

She had got the babies mixed.

She looked hopelessly about the ward. She did not in the least remember whose baby was which, nor where she had placed them. She stared with horror into the probationer's face. Miss Matthews was watching her in a puzzled sort of way. Nurse Nan tried to remember what she had done, but she could only see, in her mind's eye, the features of Charlie Abbott, and they seemed to wear a sarcastic smile. She, who had snubbed him, she, the competent and self-contained one, had mixed the babies.

She thought of the mothers, doomed to go through life with the wrong babies. She thought of pauper babies growing up to be millionaires, and heirs to vast estates doomed to life in the slums. She pictured the colored baby growing up among puzzled white folk, and a white baby fondled in a negro cabin by a proud foster father.

Nurse Nan dashed from the room. She did not know where she was going, but it was to be somewhere miles away from the hospital, which she would never see again, and she meant to get there in a very short time.

As luck would have it Charlie Abbott was at the head of the stairs. He saw the flying vision, the wild look in the fugitive's eyes.

"Why, Miss Keller," he began.

With a sob she sprang past him and made for the hall. She was outside, rushing toward the hospital gates.

Charlie Abbott lingered one instant to take in the situation from the probationer. Then:

"Let the mothers wait!" he commanded curtly, and started after the fugitive. She had a long start of him, but love put speed into Charlie's legs. Besides, it was the first time that he had seen Nan Keller display any human emotion whatever. He caught her at the gate, grasped her about the waist and pulled her into the shade of a lilac tree.

"It's all right—it's all right, now," he expostulated.

"No, it isn't all right!" exclaimed Nan tragically. "Let me go! Let me go! I've mixed the babies."

He held her like a struggling bird. "Listen! Listen! Come back! I know every baby by sight in the dark, and the mothers know them, too. We'll have them sorted out in a jiffy."

Nan raised her wet face. "Are you sure?" she stammered.

The doctor nodded. "Fond of babies, Miss Nan?" he asked.

"I love them—I love them," she said, with tragic comedy in her tones.

"I didn't think you could love," answered Abbott. "Miss Nan—Nan—if you can love, won't you try to practice on a grown-up—on me?"

Nan's cheeks flamed. "I—I—" she began.

He took her in his arms. "If you don't I'll never unsort the babies," he replied.

Later he unsorted them.

MAKING GASOLINE FROM GAS

Pennsylvania Company Has Erected Plant for the Purpose—Shipments Are Quite Large.

Out in Pennsylvania a company has erected a plant for the extraction of the gasoline from natural gas and has contracted for the gas from about 400 wells. The wells are small, the total production being less than a million cubic feet a day, but they have been producing for a long time and as the gas comes from a sand 100 feet in thickness their life is said to be good for an indefinite time. The gasoline company puts the gas through its compressors and then sells it to a large glass factory near by, the taking out of the gasoline not injuring the gas in any way for fuel. The gas is put under 300 pounds pressure to the square inch, which forces out the gasoline, which is carried into tanks and blended with naphtha, rendering the gasoline safe to ship, as without this blending it would be as dangerous as nitroglycerin owing to its high gravity. The shipments of gasoline from the plant are running about 120,000 gallons a month and ten tank cars are required to care for the production. The same company also has put in a high-pressure compressor at the plant, which will be used in compressing the natural gas into steel flasks under 800 pounds pressure. It is planned to sell this compressed gas in the same manner as Blau gas or Pintsch gas is now sold.—Wall Street Journal.

Joke Was on the Boss.

An office boy, sixteen years old, who works in a West Bottoms factory, was invited by a friend, two years his senior, to dine at a leading hotel the other night. Just as the lad and his companion were in the midst of their feast the manager of the factory took a seat at the next table. The manager saw the boy and nodded to him.

The next day the manager told the other factory executives that the office boy had dined at the hotel and they decided to ask him about it. The boy was summoned. "Heard you were at the Hotel Blank last night. What did you eat?" was the question put to the boy. "Same as the manager had, 'coffee and,'" was the office boy's reply, as he left the room. The laugh was on the boss.—Kansas City Star.

Election Day Poser.

A suffragist doing picket duty on election day in New York city was remonstrated with for her mistaken views by a polite but determined Irishman. Equal suffrage spelled calamity to Pat in the immediate appointment of women judges throughout the country. The suffragist attempted to reassure him that appointments to the bench would continue to be made on the merits of personal qualifications, in case of either man or woman, adding:

"Why shouldn't the judge be a woman, if she were fitted for it?"

"Aw, lady," said Pat, "now phwat chance do yez think a man would stand fer wife-beatin' before a lady judge?"—Harper's Magazine.

Wonderful.

"How wonderfully you play the bag pipe."

"But in that last piece I struck a false note."

"That is even more wonderful—to think you could detect a false note amid the general hubbub."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Fashion Not Popular

It goes without saying that hundreds of women are going to revolt against the Renaissance neckline which cuts straight across the top of the shoulders, letting the bare neck come out like a column from a huge, basic framework.

It is not easy to explain why this Moyen-age neckline has become

Pink Taffeta, Mauve Velvet.

fashionable during an era of Louis XV and Louis Philippe fashions, unless one remembers that Cheruit and Premet have emphasized this kind of neckline for several gowns from being true to type.

The French designer never likes to be accused of copying pictures or periods exactly; she would think that such slavishness would be an insult to her genius for original designing; she would frankly own to the source of her inspiration, but she would always add something to the gown to keep it from being a copy. This curious neckline is an example.

There is no doubt that some of the French designers exaggerate this last feature to the point of freakishness, and others, like Paquin, for example, seem to handle it in the most graceful way.

She has sent to this country a gown of black net and velvet ribbon, that is entirely suitable for the middle-aged woman who does not want to appear like a fledgling; and such a gown is rare these days. The foundation of the skirt is black chiffon, with loose strips of black velvet ribbon hanging over it in the Spanish effect. Above this is a sling-like drapery of white and black lace. By the way, slings of transparent materials are exceedingly smart for hip drapery, and Mme. Joire, who is the head of the Paquin establishment has made a feature of them on street and evening gowns. There is really no need to describe them further, for all you have to think of is a surgical sling used to rest a wounded arm.

The bodice, which is quite low in front, is of black and white lace, and it is made quite high at the back by a wide band of black velvet ribbon, lined with black silk, which is made to stand straight up across the face of the neck, around the armholes and then down the front of the blouse forming a surplice below the decolletage, then crossing around the waist and going to the back, where it hangs in two ends. Above its crossing at the back, there are long ovals of jet, linked into each other and forming an attractive definition of the waist line.

MAKING A HAPPY HOME

First of All Requirements Is Harmony, and There Woman's Power Is Shown at the Best.

"One hundred men can make an encampment, but it takes a woman to make a home." There is a vast difference between house and home. Both have a roof, rooms, windows, doors and furnishing; in both one finds shelter, but in the true home there is an atmosphere, a sense of comfort and security, a feeling of being in a safe harbor, a restfulness and freedom, a knowledge of peace and quiet enjoyment that one finds in no other place.

In an ideal home there should be first of all harmony. Harmony is one of the sweetest words in the English language. Its meaning of agreement and musical concord soothes and delights. A harmonious home, be it ever so small and humble, is one in which the inmates live in peace; no wrangling, no contradiction, no bossing and interfering, no suspicion, no rudeness, no jealousy.

In such a home subjects on which there is a difference of opinion are avoided. Charity stands at the gate of the lips and prevents personalities, bitter remarks and unjust criticism.

In a real home all rough edges are smoothed down. The inmates, men, women and children, are frank, fearless, loving, loyal—each doing his or her part willingly and joyously, without complaint and whining.

In the home, as on the stage, each one has a different part to play—the whole makes a finished production that delights the eye and charms the ear.—Farm Life.

TAFFETA REMAINS IN FAVOR

No Diminution of Its Popularity Seems Likely, at Least During the Coming Summer.

Now that the Paris spring openings for 1916 are over, and our own spring is really started, we can take stock of the fabrics that are to be worn next summer, and go fearlessly forth to shop for warm weather clothes.

Taffeta, from all reports, is as popular and as smart as it was last summer.

At Palm Beach and other southern watering places there has been much talk of rajah silk, and it is quite probable that we shall see much of it in the North this summer. It is used in combination of plain and stripes in jacket suits and one-piece frocks. The stripe of color, usually blue or one of the lovely coral or fuchsia shades, against the neutral tan background is decidedly effective.

Satin, too, is used, and there is some use of tussur for afternoon frocks.

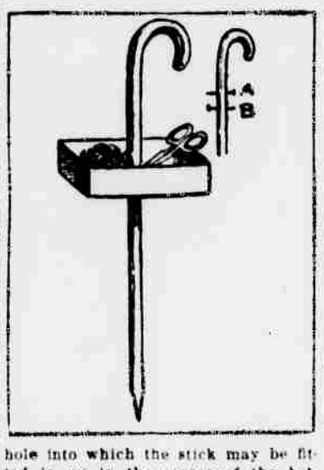
Perhaps the greatest novelty of all spring fabrics is jersey cloth and silk, under various trade names. One of the most popular French forms is djersette, a Rodier fabric. This material is really admirably adapted for frocks and suits.

FOR USE IN THE GARDEN

Handy Receptacle in Which to Convey Necessary Tools That Are Needed in the Summertime.

At almost all times of the year there is some work to be done in the garden for which scissors, twine and garden tools are necessary, and the usual plan is to carry these articles in a basket and place it upon the ground while at work. This entails continually bending down whenever anything is put into or taken from the basket.

The simple little article shown in our sketch will meet this difficulty, and it can be easily and quickly made from a stout stick, a wooden box and a couple of strong nails. A nail is run through the stick in the position indicated by A in the diagram on the right of the sketch, and then a round



hole into which the stick may be fitted is cut in the center of the bottom of the box. The stick is run through the box until it reaches the nail A, then a second nail is run through the stick underneath the box in the position indicated by B, and this will hold the box in its place upon the stick.

The stick should be cut into a point at the end, so that it easily can be stuck in the ground in an upright position. In summer, when gathering fruit and flowers, it will be found extremely useful, as it can be moved about easily as occasion requires.

FASHION'S FANCIES

Blazer stripes are a feature of the new cottons, and they are effectively used for coat collars and for sport coats and suits.

Some of the new hats are exceedingly flat. They must be worn tip-tilted.

Flannel blazer jackets are coming into use for street wear with serge skirts.

Narrow lace borders are promised for the jackets and skirts of tailored suits.

Short coatees show dapper little fluted basques worn over full pannier skirts.

Navy blue voile is used over a foundation of silk in watermelon pink.

The drooping brim which shades the eyes is popular.

Many motor coats close with a strap and a harness buckle.

Home-Made Spreads.

Every woman likes to own a handmade bedspread, but the majority of spreads call for such expensive materials that few can afford to indulge in such a luxury. Within any woman's reach, however, is the spread made of unbleached muslin. All over its surface conventional scrolls are outlined by means of huge French knots done in heavy white cotton. The edge of the spread is finished with cotton fringe.

The sham that matches the spread is one long piece of the muslin a little wider than the pillows it is designed to cover. This is treated in the same manner as the spread and can be finished with the cotton fringe at each end or can be used all the way around.

Who Remembers Rickrack?

It is a good many years ago since rickrack was the fashionable trimming for petticoats and other intimate garments and now we are to use it on hats, a use to which it has never been put before. No less an artist than Odette has made excellent use of it so far this season, and the seed being sown, it is no telling to what lengths the fad may go for there is no shortage of rickrack in the market, since it never wears out.

The rickrack hat has a crown of fine Tuscan braid, the brim alone being made of the rickrack, which was dyed a pleasing shade of pastel blue. The brim, the width of the rickrack, was made double and wired between the layers. The only trimming used was a band of ribbon of the same shade of blue tied around the crown and finished with a loose bow of several loops extending out to the edge of the brim.

Violet Bodice.

Some of the new lace blouses show underbodices of pale velvet crepe or silk. These are especially attractive for wear with a suit in some shade of purple or plum.

Silk Bags.

Some of the new silk bags have tortoise shell tops, and these tops can be bought separately, so that the silk foundations of any sort can be attached.

LOVE IN THE ORIENT

COURTSHIPS THAT GO ON UNDER MANY DIFFICULTIES.

In Some Tribes Several Swains Served Their Adored Ones Until the One Chosen From Among the Others Has Been Designated.

Some customs prevailing in certain parts of the Sudan have been entertainingly described in a series of letters which an English traveler, a minister of education, has written to his wife who is visiting America.

He came across certain tribes where the women, he says, "seem to have passed the limits of even American women," and he naively adds that but for the distance from Cairo and the wildness of the country he "would willingly pass several months in the midst of these good folk in order to learn the meaning of virtue in both the ancient and the modern sense of the word.

"One girl may have as many as from seven to fifteen wooers, who court and flirt with her for a whole year in the sight of her parents. They not only visit her in the daytime, but remain at night near her dwelling to mount guard outside her room, going so far even as to keep watch within her room in order to be at her service in case she should awake.

"If she asks for water, as many calabashes of water are offered to her as there are lovers in attendance. Should she desire to pay calls on her friends the whole of her lovers offer to carry her palanquin, and again it is the aspirants to her hand who undertake to anoint her with butter every morning. The period of courtship lasts for a year, at the end of which period the beauty must make her choice. When she does so the unsuccessful wooers go away to repeat their performance with another girl."

These maidens are black and, nominally at least, Mohammedans, but in the matter of rights and liberties they have little to learn. The Shilluks of the White Nile, on the other hand, are as far as possible from being Mohammedans, yet their women have similar privileges.

"With the Shilluks it is the women that rule the household, the young women themselves that choose their husbands and that, once married, assume the post of command. The strongest and most hot-headed man dare not beat his wife, for he would be looked down upon immediately and would be unable to find a second wife to succeed his first. No missionary effort affects the Shilluk woman; it is practically impossible to convert her either to Christianity or to Islamism, for she is the guardian and depository of the Shilluk traditions, religion and historical customs."—Philadelphia Inquirer.

Zinc Has Big Place in War.

Zinc is so essential in wartime that it has risen enormously in price in the past year. Costing originally only two-fifths as much as copper, it now costs decidedly more than copper, in spite of the fact that copper itself has sharply increased in value.

Zinc is a constituent of cartridge brass and shell-fuses, and is used also as a covering for iron barbed wire fencing. In 1913 the United States, Germany and Belgium were the leading producers of zinc.

Of the three, only the United States smelted domestic ores. Belgium and Germany relied mainly on zinc concentrates that they imported from the Broken Hill mines in New South Wales, where, for one reason and another, it does not pay to do the smelting. France, Spain and Great Britain also produce substantial quantities, but not enough to supply their own needs.

Austria and Germany have considerable deposits of ore in Silesia, Hungary, Carinthia and the Tyrol. As the zinc-smelting furnaces of Great Britain are not well adapted for dealing with the Broken Hill concentrates it buys the bulk of its supplies from the United States.

Save Your Paper, Says Uncle Sam.

Save your old paper and rags! By so doing, according to the department of commerce, you not only will be enriching yourself to a certain extent, but will be aiding paper manufacturers to solve what promises to become a very serious problem—the shortage of raw materials.

The department is sending broadcast letters to business firms urging them to conserve their old paper. Something like 15,000 tons of paper are manufactured every day in the United States and a large proportion of this, after being used, is thrown away or burned, with the result that just so much raw material must be obtained.

Most of this paper can be used again in the manufacture of a slightly inferior grade.

Changed His Mind.

When my youngest son was about three years old he said he wanted to save his pennies to buy a little sister, and one day he came running in all excited and said: "Oh, mother, I saw something I would like much better than a sister. Please let me buy it." When I looked out of the window to see what called his attention I saw the little monkey of an organ grinder.—Cleveland Leader.

Thought He Had Fleas.

George, five, was taking a walk with his papa. It was warm and his underwear was scratching him. He stopped and began to scratch himself. As he did so he said to his papa: "Do you know I have fleas?" "Well," said his papa, "what makes you think that?" This is what he replied: "When dogs scratch themselves people say they have fleas, and ain't I scratching?"

A Sad Diagnosis.

"Well," said Bilkins, "the doctors say that I am as sound as a dollar."

"That's tough," said Wilkins. "A dollar doesn't last very long these days."

The Oldest Town in America

Typical Indian Village in New Mexico.

THREE hundred and sixty-six years ago the intrepid Spaniard Coronado marched a little army northward from Mexico across the deserts of Sonora and Arizona, until in what is now the western part of the state of New Mexico, he found and conquered and occupied a group of Pueblo Indian towns whose fame had reached him under the designation of the "Seven Cities of Cibola," or Zuni. As the years went on one or another of the seven allied towns was abandoned and its inhabitants moved to the central one of the group, Halona, "Place of the Ants." For over two hundred years now, the whole Zuni tribe has concentrated itself in this settlement which is known to Americans as the Pueblo Zuni, and to its inhabitants as Ittiaawa, "The Middle Place," for in native belief its site marks the exact center of the earth, writes A. L. Kroeber, professor of anthropology in the University of California, in the American Museum Journal.

With the possible exception of two or three other Pueblo settlements, Zuni is thus the oldest inhabited town in the United States, far surpassing in antiquity Jamestown, Plymouth and other early English settlements, as well as Santa Fe and St. Augustine of Spanish foundation. The tribe numbers 1,600 souls or as many as it could muster after it had gathered itself together after the first disastrous shock of Spanish contact. The houses are still built in the prehistoric way of stone masonry, mortared and plastered with clay, and rise densely clustered, terraced one above the other to a height of four or five stories.

Live Life of Long Ago.

The life too of the Zuni runs in the current of long ago. They have borrowed from the American his shirt and his overalls, and have learned to like his coffee and sugar, his bacon and wheat flour. Sheep and donkeys they obtained long since from the Spaniards, and many today can boast of owning horses and wagons. But inwardly and in all his relations with other Indians the Zuni is still purely aboriginal. He does not know whether today is Sunday or Wednesday, whether it is January or July, or what the American names of the store keeper, missionary and government agent are. He knows these people by nicknames which he or some friend has given them, and he reckons time by the number of days to the next ceremonial dance ordained by his priests. He supports himself as his forefathers of the immemorial long ago did through raising corn by hand culture in sandy patches where it would seem that the grain would not even sprout. In the middle of the plaza around which his town is built stands a decaying, roofless and gutted Catholic church which his forefathers built of adobe under the direction of Spanish missionaries, but two centuries of Christian regime have not influenced the inward spirit of the Zuni. He knew that soldiers stood back of the priest and therefore he obeyed him, yet he hardened his heart against him; and no sooner did Spanish and Mexican authority relax than the Indian quietly shook off the hateful yoke of imposed religion, and reverted openly to the ancient native ceremonials which he and his fathers had kept alive by secret practices in hidden underground rooms within fifty yards of the walls of the mission.

Such tremendously tenacious conservatism has kept the Zuni substantially where they were before Columbus discovered America. They are not hostile to Americans, in fact their native code of politeness requires that every one should be treated with courtesy. They are merely indifferent to ourselves. All that every Zuni asks is that he should be left alone to support himself, to practice his religion, and to live his life as his fathers did, without interfering with anyone and without being interfered with.

It is no wonder then that these remarkable people have long attracted extraordinary attention from anthropologists and students of the aboriginal. Frank Hamilton Cushing, whose genius in certain directions has never been equaled among any of his colleagues, took up his residence at Zuni nearly forty years ago, and became in every sense a full member of the tribe, looked on as such by the Zuni themselves. He took part in their war expeditions against the hated Apache and Navaho raiders; became a member of one of the six sacred Kivas, and was initiated into the religious society of the priests of the bow. A host of other students have followed in his footsteps and the list of anthropologists who have visited Zuni includes most of the eminent names in America, such as Powell, McGee and Mrs. Stevenson, to mention only some of those no longer living, as well as Tylor and other famous foreigners.

Know Little of These People.

With all this study accomplished, one has however to be at Zuni only a few days before being aware that our knowledge of the life of the people is very incomplete, in fact that in many respects the ground has scarcely been scratched. Mrs. Stevenson for instance has published a quarto volume four inches thick on the ceremonies and religious system of the Zuni, yet any tourist in a week can see rituals enacted with full pomp to which she barely alludes. It is not that the studies that have been made are in their nature superficial. In fact many of the published accounts are intensive in their detail. It is the Zuni life of culture that for all its aboriginality is so intricately complex that no volume however thick could hold all that is to be said about any one of its several phases. No one knows exactly, but there must be nearly two hundred gods and mythological characters that are impersonated by distinctively masked and costumed dancers. There is not a month, and at certain seasons not a week, without a public dance in the town, and at no time a day without some sort of religious ritual.

The family life of the Zuni is lived precisely as if no white man had yet set foot on American soil. The people are divided into sixteen clans each named after an animal or plant. Descent in these clans is not from the father as we inherit our names and as titles and royal succession descend in Europe, but from the mother. A Zuni is of his mother's clan but he recognizes his relationship to his father's people by calling himself the child of his father's clan.

Along with taking precedence over the men in carrying the group names, the women own the houses. A man may, by the labor of his own hands, erect a new house for his wife, from quarrying the rock to laying the roof, while she does nothing more than plaster the walls; yet let a divorce and separation take place, and the property unquestioningly belongs to her. The Zuni are as monogamous a people as we. They look with repugnance not only upon polygamy, but also upon subsequent marriage with a former wife's sister or relative. At the same time, divorce is easy. Persons have only to separate. A man tired of his wife leaves her. For a woman the procedure is not quite so simple owing to her property right in the house, but at that, she need only nag and abuse her husband until he takes his little bundle of clothes and returns to his natal home. If misplaced affection or stubbornness prevent him from taking the hint, she can have recourse to the more drastic method of simply installing his chosen successor, in which case nothing remains for the deposed husband but to leave quietly. It would certainly seem as if the Zuni had long ago achieved for themselves some of the most radical portions of even the ultra-feministic program.

First Real Flying Machine.

The flying machine (that is, the heavier-than-air machine) that first bore men through the air successfully was an American, and not a German machine. The trick was pulled off by the Wright brothers, Orville and Wilbur, along the North Carolina coast, on December 17, 1903.

Grand Opening.

First Comedian—"Did you score a hit with your new specialty?" Second Comedian—"Did I? Why, the audience gazed in open-mouthed wonder before I was half way through." First Comedian—"Wonderful! It is seldom that an entire audience yawns at once."—St. Paul Dispatch.

Perfect Ventilation Scarce.

Absolute dryness and perfect ventilation, the two conditions necessary for the prevention of rot and decay in building timbers, are seldom, if ever, obtained. To ventilate the floor and wall construction of a house properly would render it a veritable fire-trap, through which fire, once started, would sweep from top to bottom and end to end.

Therefore the only practical solution of the problem is to adequately protect and ventilate those timbers that come in contact with masonry or are exposed to ground moisture. All timbers in contact with masonry should be heavily coated with asphalt or tar.

The seepage of air through the cracks and joints of the framing will usually be sufficient to ventilate the inclosed timbers of walls and floors.

Safety First.

"When Mrs. Twobble speaks with an air of finality you get the impression that there is nothing more to say."

"True. At least, that's the idea Mr. Twobble always gets."

Concentrated Cider.

Two new products of surplus and cull apples are described in the last annual report of the United States bureau of chemistry. In manufacturing concentrated cider the apple juice is frozen solid and the block of ice is crushed and placed in a centrifugal machine which removes the concentrated cider, leaving the ice behind. The product, when diluted with water, has practically the flavor and qualities of the original apple juice. The concentrated cider ferments very slowly at refrigerator temperatures, but at room temperatures ferments in a few weeks. It is, of course much cheaper to transport than ordinary cider. Cider sirup is made by clarifying and boiling down apple juice, and it is said to be of value for table use.

Power Carried Far.

Current is being transmitted from Sweden to Denmark through a submarine cable between Helsingborg, Sweden, and Elsinore, Denmark, a distance of about ten miles. The power comes from waterfalls in southern Sweden.